

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheefe.

En. Seefe is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seefe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A put man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Enau. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am delected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windfort to one *M^r Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, when I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her *M^r Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor *Cains* wife.

Slender. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Haue you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? He make the best in' Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slender. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry *Mist. Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong. *Slender.* What neede you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girl: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in *Womans* apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slender. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deansie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is *Mist. Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garfoon, a boy; oon pefant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

M. Page. VVhy? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windfor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes *M^r Fenton*.

How now *M^r Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon *Page*. Now *Mist. Page*:

How chance you went not with *M^r Slender*?

M. Page. Why went you not with *M^r Doctor*, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,

You would haue married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in loue:

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can disloue vs:

Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,

And this deceit looses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or vndutious title,

Since therein she doth euite and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed houres

Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Loue, the heauens themselves do guide the state,

Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand

to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedie? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee

ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are

chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further: *M^r Fenton*,

Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:

Good husband, let vs euery one go home,

And laugh this sport ore by a Countie fire,

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so (*Sir John*.)

To *Master Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lye with *Mist. Ford*: *Exeunt*.

FINIS.



MEASURE, For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

Esc. My Lord.

(fold,

Duk. Of Government, the properties to vn-
Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse.

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all a duice
My strength can giue you: Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our Cities Institutions, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y' are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:

What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?
Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo*:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th' obseruer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aduertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:

In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:

Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*

Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't vpon it.

Duk. No more euasion:

We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord.)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My haste may not admit it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe

With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,

So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes

As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,

Ile priuily away: I loue the people,

But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:

Though it doe well, I doe not rellish well

Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:

Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion

That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi-
nesse. *Exit.*

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue

To haue free speech with you; and it concernes me

To looke into the bottome of my place:

A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,

And we may soone our satisfaction haue

Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait vpon your honor. *Exeunt.*

F

Scena